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THE PROPER TIME.

"I CAN'T TAKE THAT COD-LIVER OIL, AUNTIE!"

"WHY NOT?"

"MOTHER HAS TAUGHT ME WHEN TO SAY NO."

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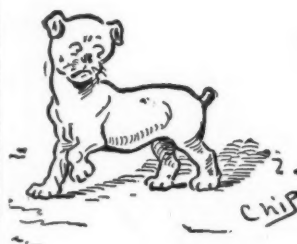
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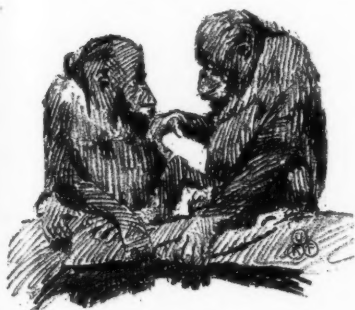
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MONKEY LOGIC.

"I WONDER HOW DE JUKE LED HER ON. DEY SAY HE DIDN'T HAVE A CENT TO HIS NAME."

"IN DAT CASE HE MUST HAVE USED HIS NAME FOR A SCENT."

AN INQUISITIVE CORRESPONDENT.

DEAR MISS SKINNEM:

I have just received your charming ten-page prospectus descriptive of your "expensive rural residence, recently erected expressly for the accommodation of summer visitors." Being intimately acquainted with the customs of rural paradise-keepers and others of their species, I wish to ask a few questions before engaging a full-grown cell in your primeval paradise.

Can you accommodate me outright with one room containing one New York city bed, promising not to put three or more guests in with me in the height of the season?

Do you raise the "ante" on those who occasionally partake of good-sized meals in lieu of your advertised "hearty lunches"?

If your "expensive rural residence" is as altitudinous as your prospectus leads one to imagine, will it be necessary to walk, drive or fall from your dizzy height to the railroad station, should one become desirous of leaving you without one fond regret?

How many times a week do you serve prunes and bread-pudding?

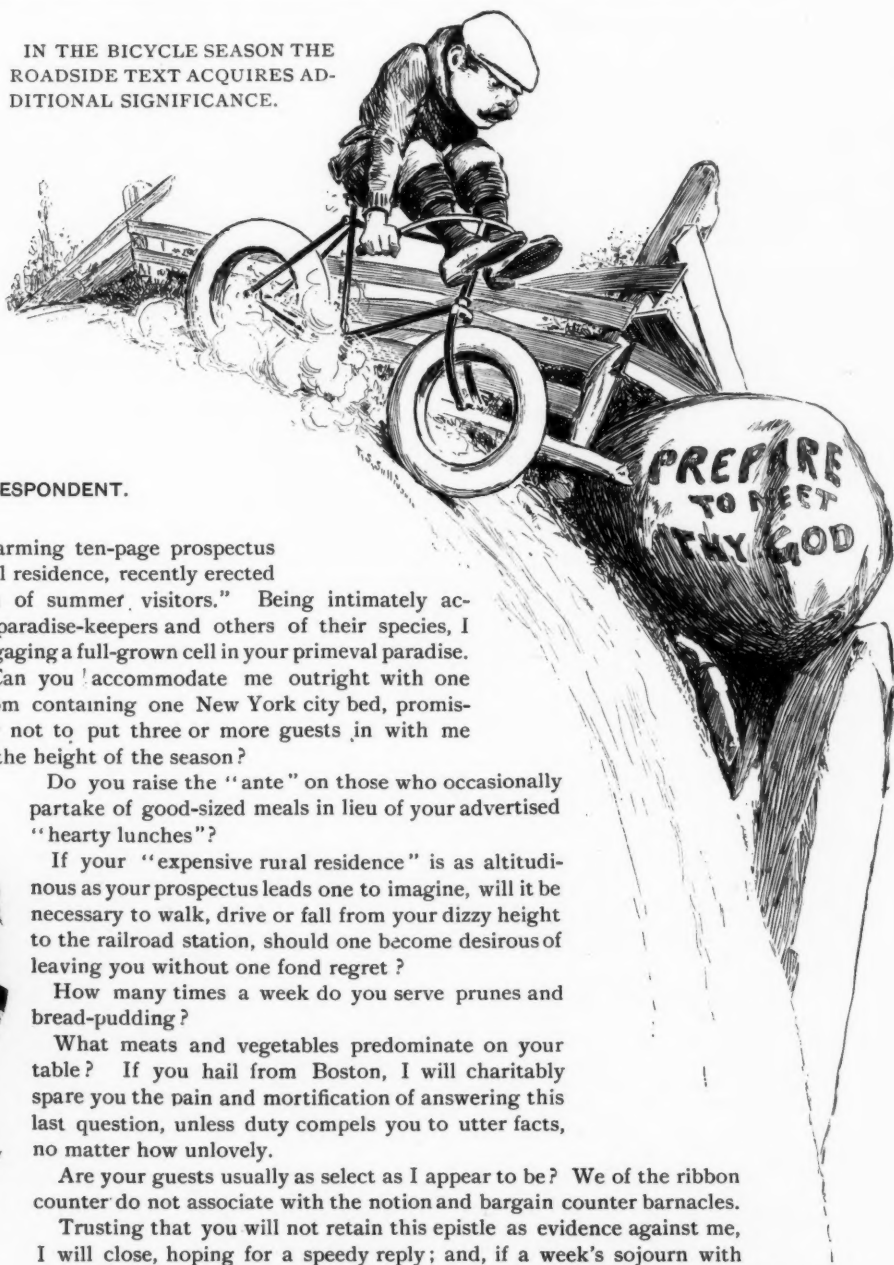
What meats and vegetables predominate on your table? If you hail from Boston, I will charitably spare you the pain and mortification of answering this last question, unless duty compels you to utter facts, no matter how unlovely.

Are your guests usually as select as I appear to be? We of the ribbon counter do not associate with the notion and bargain counter barnacles.

Trusting that you will not retain this epistle as evidence against me, I will close, hoping for a speedy reply; and, if a week's sojourn with you does not explode the confidence which I have placed in you through your prospectus, you may ever number me among your select summer victims.

Yours in suspense,

Alex. H. Laidlaw, Jr.



GUM ARABIC.



"While there is Life there's Hope."

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BY the time this number of LIFE reaches its readers the Republican Convention will have begun its deliberations at St. Louis. It is not possible at this writing to anticipate the doings of that Convention with much satisfaction. So far as appears it is going to nominate McKinley on the most moderate sound money platform that the sound money men can be induced to support. Mr. McKinley's availability consists partly in the association of his name with a high tariff measure which was promptly repudiated by the people, partly in the uncertainty as to his convictions about the relative merits of the gold and silver dollar as the standard of value in the United States. The gold men are expected to vote for him because he is to run on a sound money platform, the silver men because he has a soft spot in his heart for silver. LIFE's opinion of the Major is that



he has too many soft spots in him to make a safe President. It would rather give such support as it can to a harder and less sympathetic candidate, but the present expectation is that the silver men will have things all their own way at Chicago, and in that case there will be nothing for it but to vote for the candidate whose party is most nearly committed to the payment of honest debts with honest money.

Well, we shall see what we shall see, and if the event betters anticipation so much the happier for us. The Major is a pleasant gentleman and it will be easier to make the best of him than it would be to make the best of—say Senator Quay. But

if you put him on a gold platform, good Republican friends, spike him down to it, and clinch the spikes.

THE committee of the Army of the Tennessee which was appointed to select a design for a ninety thousand dollar statue of General Sherman is in bad odor with American sculptors because of the eccentric method it used in performing its work. It got a committee of sculptors, Messrs. St. Gaudens, Bruce Price, Charles Post and others, to examine the designs submitted and select four of the best ones. The expert committee made its choice, and then the original committee awarded the work to Carl Rohl Smith, of Chicago, whose design was not included in the four selected by the experts. The National Sculpture Society is justly scandalized by this action, and has protested both to the chairman of the Army Committee and to the Secretary of War. Mr. W. O. Partridge, a competent artist whose design was one of those selected by the experts and who was dropped from the competition by the Army Committee, proposes to sue for his rights in the courts. The popular conception of the uses of committees of artistic experts seems somewhat vague (as was lately illustrated in the case of the Heine monument) and the Sculpture Society intends, if possible, to make it clearer and more definite. Good luck to them in that work!



THE attention of ladies who still hesitate to be married is called to a recent decision of the Appellate Court in New York, sustaining the decision of Judge Gildersleeve in *Simon vs. Simon*. The facts were that the husband discharged a French governess against his wife's wish; the wife left him and went back to her father; husband and wife both applied for a separation and neither got one. Justice Williams of the Appellate Court explained that while the husband was legally the head of the family, practically the wife should have her way at home and be allowed to manage and control the details of housekeeping and servants. "An intelligent woman," says the Court, "should certainly not be subject to humiliation by her husband by the assertion that he is master and she must obey him." We all knew that before, but it makes for the re-assurance of the fair, and the encouragement of good manners, to have it definitely stated by two courts.

THE PASSING OF THE GRADUATE.

TO-DAY the college graduate.
His soul athirst for fame,
On themes that puzzle common minds
Doth learnedly declaim.
He holdeth forth on Church and State,
And fearlessly proceeds
To show the weakness of our laws,
The error of our
creeds.

He warns us, in portentous tones
And with uplifted hand,
That RUIN, like a vulture, broods
O'er this devoted land,

Unless REFORM her banner raise,
Ere yet it be too late —
Then glances t'ward the bench where sits
The sweet girl-graduate.

She, who but yesterday declaimed
Her sex's scorn of man,
And vowed that woman's rights
should rule —
Her banner lead the van.

And yet, to-morrow where are they
These standards to unfurl?

He's pitcher in a baseball nine,
And she's a summer girl.

SETTING THEM RIGHT.

CALLERS: Are the ladies at home?

BRIDGET (examining their cards):
Sure, ma'am, it isn't them that lives here — it's the McAdamses.

"ISN'T it too bad about young Fosdick losing his mind?"
"It is, indeed. What caused him to go crazy?"

"He tried to select a bicycle from the advertisements in the papers."



She: WILL YOU LOVE ME WHEN I GET OLD AND LOOK LIKE THAT WOMAN WE JUST PASSED?
"OF COURSE I WILL, DARLING!"
"OH, YOU LOVELY STUPID! I NEVER WILL LOOK LIKE THAT!"



AN OMISSION.

HUSBAND: I expect some friends of mine this evening, and I must go out and buy some cigars.

WIFE: Why, I thought you bought some for them.
"I did, but I forgot to get any for myself."



SOMETHING UP.



AND SHE DIDN'T.

AMBITIOUS BOSTON.

THE town of Boston, being somewhat short of water, has undertaken to build herself a lake, and proposes to spend \$19,000,000 in its construction. It is to be eight miles long and upwards of two miles wide, and will hold sixty-three billion gallons of water. It's site is near Worcester, on the Nashua river, and spreads over a district at present occupied by mills, churches, railroads, highways, and the homes of 2,000 people. It is to be finished in about two years, and will hold twice as much water as the new Croton reservoir.

Boston is unobtrusive, self-satisfied and so attentive to her own affairs that we are apt to forget how competent and effectual she is. Her new lake is to

supply all the towns within ten miles of her State-house — a district whereof the inhabitants know more, have more fun and get more satisfaction out of life than the population of any surface of equal circumference in the known world.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL —
Brooklyn trolley track.



the temper of your listeners, you have nothing to fall back on. No. You prefer to wait and get the spirit of the occasion. Neither will you take any other man as a model. You know too much for that. You will be yourself—easy, natural, graceful. You picture it all before, and address various audiences in undertones, when you are on the street, in the horse cars or in the seclusion of your own front parlor. You scorn to read from notes, preferring, as you say to yourself, to fail rather than be guilty of premeditated crime. When your wife suddenly opens the door and catches you talking to yourself you vehemently deny that you are so doing, and explain that you were only humming, which she is considerate enough to believe, not wishing to acknowledge, even to herself, that the man she respects would deceive her in so small



THERE WAS A YOUNG MAID NAMED ELFINO,
WHO MET A YOUNG MAN — AN ALBINO.
SHE ASKED IF A FRIGHT
HAD TURNED HIS HAIR WHITE,
TO WHICH HE REPLIED "DAMIFINO."

YOUR FIRST AFTER-DINNER SPEECH.

YOU dwell on it at odd moments a week before the time arrives, and arrange somewhat loosely in your mind what you will say, making up little packages of thought, like wads of paper in a kite tail, and adjusting them so they can be loosened quickly and changed about. In this way, you can at the last moment take off the head and put it where the tail is, and vice-versa, or you can take up the thread in the middle and work outwards. You are too cautious to arrange a set speech in your mind beforehand and learn it by heart, for in case it should not fit

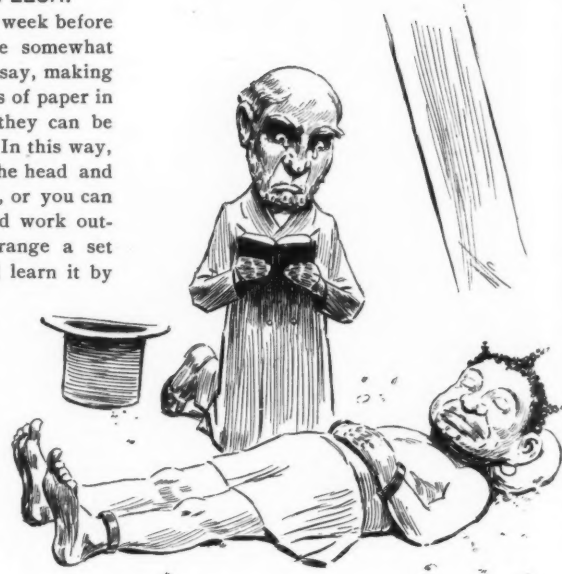
a matter. As the fatal evening approaches, you grow inwardly more nervous, but conceal this by an outward

bravado which, however, fades away as you enter the dining-room and are cordially greeted by the master of ceremonies, who whispers that "You are expected to do great things to-night, old man." This takes away what lingering remnants of appetite you have had, and thenceforth you feel like a man in a boat who is approaching the rapids on a current which he is unable to stem.

Your best story is told by the second speaker, whom you applaud lustily, feeling dimly that some honor is due to the man who has left you, so to speak, without a leg to stand on. You are faintly conscious that your kite tail of thought has blown away, and, like a drowning man who clutches at a straw, you applaud each successive speaker as long as possible in order to defer the moment when you will be called upon. Thus all traces of presence of mind that you may have had in the beginning gradually ooze away with each vociferous outburst and you sullenly realize that your case is entirely hopeless.

At last you feel, rather than hear, that your name has been spoken, and as you slowly rise you are conscious of that boring sensation that fifty focused glances can produce, and mentally wishing they were so many bullets that would put you out of the way at once. There is a pause, and then you begin with the one thing that you had previously discarded as being in such poor taste. But it obtrudes itself upon you and you recklessly throw it off. You do not remember this at the time, but you recall it afterwards with a sickening sense that almost produces heart failure. At the end of some years, as it seems to you, during which your lips have moved and no sound has come forth, you sit down amid loud applause and an intensity of relief that admits of no comparison.

It is only after you get home, in the silence of your own chamber, that you recall all the bright things you might have said. It is not the consciousness that you might have done better, however, that unmans you. It is the firm conviction that you could not possibly have done worse.



"HOW ABOUT YOUR ENEMIES, MY SON?"
"I HAVE NONE."
"YOU HAVE FORGIVEN THEM?"
"I HAVE EATEN THEM."

THE APOLOGIA.

(TO A FAMOUS IMPRESSIONIST.)

I CANNOT tell what you say, purple Cow,
I cannot tell what you say;
Because the salmon-pink Ewe in the Pasture-Lot blue
Is singing her Roundelay.

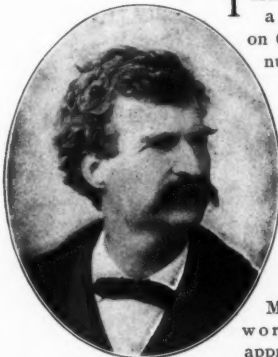


By DAISY.

Daisy will publish horoscopes in this department only in the order received. Remember the conditions. Cut out all the pictures from 4,000 copies of LIFE and forward them to Daisy, together with a photograph of your brain by Roentgen.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
Daisy tells us what we are.

SAMUEL L. (C-L-M-N-S).



THIS gentleman was born under the rear end of a stacked Pleiades, with a rising barometer on Gemini, the Great Bear stuffed with chestnut burrs, a creme de menthe fog on Libra, and Venus playing leap-frog with Jupiter. In personal appearance he is very short and has a rotund framework, nasturtium cheeks with inlaid eyes, feet with a double accent, a huckleberry walk, and looks well in a barber's shop. He has an inordinate desire for dress and spends all of his time in grooming himself, and looks as if he had stepped out of a whirlwind. He should curb this and wear simple Mother Hubbards weighted with his own words at the bottom and illustrated with appropriate designs, or would look well in a Leghorn hat and roller-skates. He has a responsive temperament and when flush should avoid publishers. Will find his most congenial companions among Methodist deacons and total abstainers, and would do good work as a foreign missionary, a cab driver or a dealer in second-hand clothes.

* * *

PAUL (K-R-G-R).



THIS gentleman was born under Andromeda, Leo under a cloud, Pegasus with the spring halt, Castor and Pollux coming in at the side door and the Milky Way strewn with whiskers. He is very tall, with a sweet, winning smile, a wiener wurst neck has a wind-swept horizon with a grass-grown face and would do good work as a bird's nest in a primeval forest. He looks well in a canopy. Should wear a wire screen when up and use a lawn mower on his face. Has a forgiving disposition and is very hospitable, insisting that his guests shall stay with him even if they have to be locked up. Is very industrious, easily earning his own living and would do good work as an Emperor a Coney Island beer tosser or a Wild Man from Borneo.



ANOTHER BICYCLIST HELD UP IN NEW JERSEY.

A-L-F-N-S-O XIII. (BABY KING OF SPAIN.)

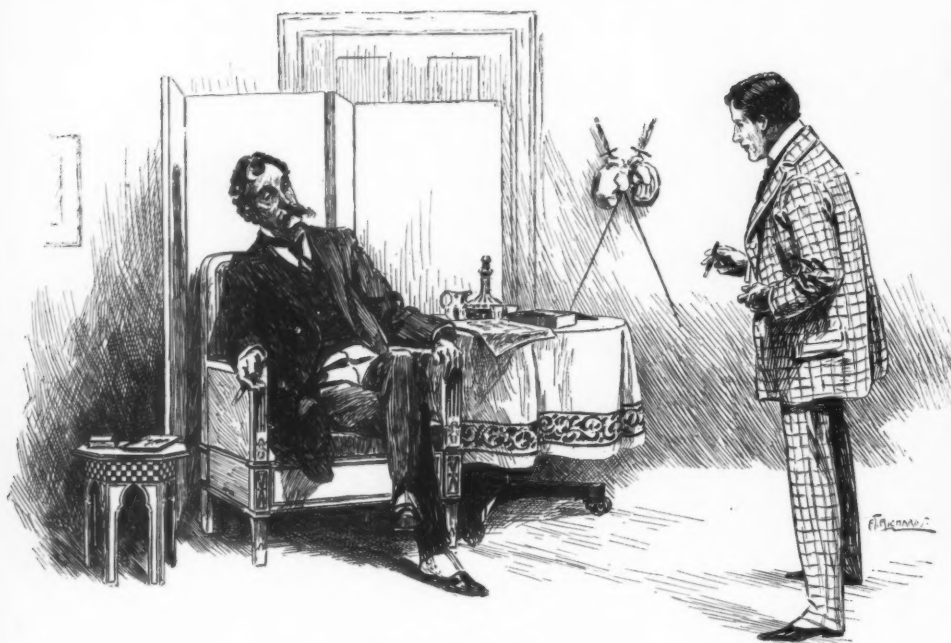


THIS young man was born under an insurgent moon, with Taurus in tandem with Mars, a salute of twenty-one toy-pistols on Uranus, and the bottom out of Cassiopeia's chair. He will grow to be tall and thin, due to a lack of nourishment, with a hot tamale complexion and Spanish gait, and as he gets older will grow constantly poorer. He is ambitious, with a sanguine temperament, and under good conditions would amount to something, but is hampered by a lack of precedent and unfavorable surroundings. He is the recipient of many favors from those who love him for what there is in it, and he should put by all the cash he receives, as he will need it later on. He should beware of real estate agents, visit in Cuba for his health, and smoke loaded Havana cigars three times a day. Would make a good messenger boy, a news-agent, or would succeed as lemonade-carrier in a circus.

RUMORS from New Haven attest the strenuous dissatisfaction of the Yale undergraduates with the site chosen by the authorities for the statue of President Woolsey. The plan is to put the statue in front of Durfee, and the undergraduates object that it will be in their way and interfere with their spring competitions at the game of mumble-the-peg. It seems never to have been quite settled at Yale whether the university was made for the undergraduates or the undergraduates for the university.





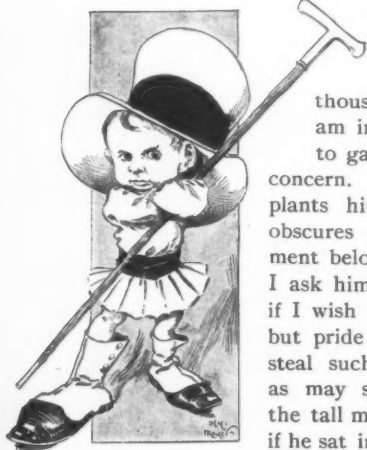


A GOOD FOUNDATION.

"JACK, YOU HAVE AN UNUSUAL AMOUNT OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE FOR A MAN JUST GRADUATED FROM COLLEGE."

"WELL, YOU SEE, UNCLE, I HAD A GOOD COMMON SCHOOL EDUCATION BEFORE I WENT THERE."

TALL MEN.



I HATE a tall man. I hate him from the ground up. Tall men injure and despoil me in a thousand ways. Suppose that I am in an encircling crowd trying to gaze upon something of rare concern. A tall man immediately plants himself in front of me and obscures all that part of the firmament below the Northern Star. Can I ask him to step aside? Certainly, if I wish to confess to my shortness, but pride forbids. I try in silence to steal such glimpses of the spectacle as may suffice for the humble, and the tall man, looking on at his ease, as if he sat in a watch-tower, doubles his satisfaction by turning about and catch-

ing me craning my neck. In the meantime I can feel that another May-pole in rear is swelling with pride to think that he can look over my head. I have never yet seen a dog-fight.

Four yards of cloth make a short man a suit of clothes; but when he orders a suit at the tailor's he must pay for five yards. Why? Simply because some tall outrage will need six yards, and the short man is held to make

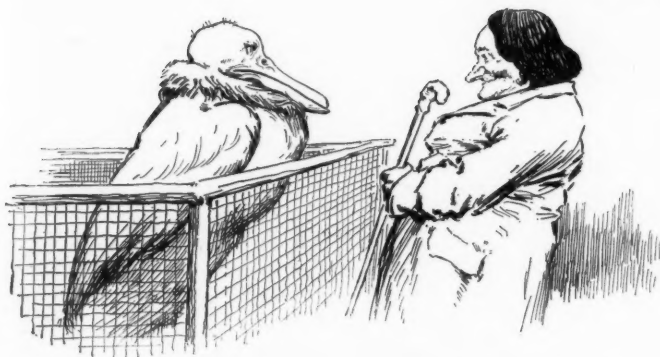
up the average. Look at the brazen-faced giant, the complacent robber, swinging down the street! He is wearing two feet of trouser leg that some short man paid for, and he makes a fine appearance. And what is the short man doing? He is wearing the other two feet of trouser leg, and he is not accounted to make any appearance at all.

Pope was a short man. He had the short man's marvelous brain, but also the short man's sensibility. How perfect the world once seemed to him! "An honest man's the noblest work of God," he once said, seized with a lofty sentiment and thinking that he was hitting the nail on the head. But after a series of mortifying incidents which culminated at a levee where the top of his head was mistaken for a figure in the Japanese rug, he felt constrained to qualify his original statement:

An honest man's the noblest work of all —
With this condition, that he's six feet tall;
An honest man from five to five feet eight,
Though none respect yet some may tolerate;
While shorter still their merit best display,
To rapt beholders, in the dime *musée*.



OLD FRIENDS ARE BEST.



"WELL, YOU POOR OLD BIPED, NATURE'S BEEN KIND OF SKIMPY IN
FIXIN' YOUR TOP-KNOT, HASN'T SHE?"

But it is not alone in the vulgar and unkind breathing world that short men are ill-treated and contemned. Look upon literature and art! See the ignominy of the short man perpetuated! When did a sycophantic writer make his heroes of ordinary and reasonable stature? When did a meretricious and wicked sculptor make his gods short? Never.

Never since the false chisel and the hireling pen were devised have they ceased from obsequious compliment to the gigantic and the strong. Fellow short men, let us rise! Long enough has the fatuous tall man been flattered by beholding 'Apollo in lofty marble; long enough has his base and earthy soul been expanded by his reading of heroes "tall and handsome," of "knights of commanding stature," of beautiful women looking "up" into the eyes of their noble protectors. Fellow short men, we have the wealth, the power and the intelligence of the world. Let us hereafter demand that the hero of fiction shall be "far below the medium height," that he shall be described as "handsome and possessed of more than ordinary shortness," or as "of a most noble and abbreviated presence."

Let us demand that in the galleries of sculpture that we are paying for, visitors shall have only the forms and proportions of the short to gaze upon with awe and admiration. Yea, from short gods and short wrestlers and short hurlers of the discus, let pedants point out the marvelous beauty of the human form.

Let us in this way subvert the wicked and tyrannical rule that now exists, so that every tall man



The Biped: WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY —



— YOU — OLD —

who visits a gallery of statuary will be mortified and overwhelmed with the comparison, and, departing, feel that he bears a burden of opprobrium and shame.

Williston Fish.

A FEW WANTS.

WANTED: a kneecap smooth and hard,
Unseamed, and a perfect fit;
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough
That is warranted not to split.

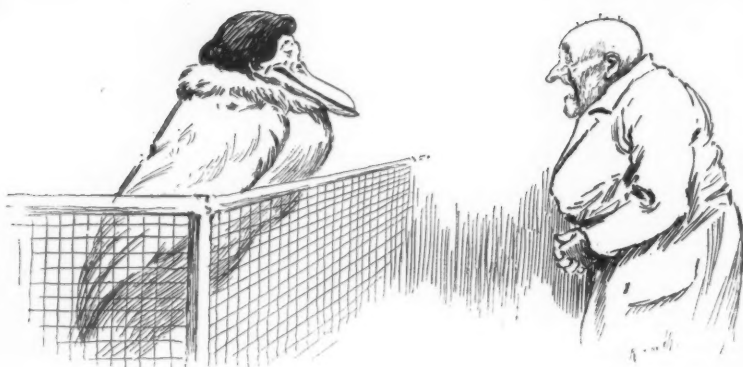
Wanted: a brand new set of ribs,
Not made for vain display;
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted: a pair of perfect ears—
No fluted edges for me;
An ear not ground, but round and sound
As a real good ear-should be.

Wanted: a face. I am
not vain
And a good plain face
will do,
That is not a sight—with
the color white—
For I'm tired of black
and blue.

A man that's new I'll
be once more
When these parts have
been supplied:
And maybe, then, I will
mount again
That wheel and learn
to ride.

Tom Masson.



— BALD-HEADED SUCKER!

A LEAF FROM A MODERN NOVEL.
(PRESUMABLY BY THOMAS HARDY.)

SHE took the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly. Not that she did this deliberately or with any special consciousness of the tea. Eleanor was not a girl who cared particularly—at any rate, she never yet had cared particularly—whether her tea contained too much or too little sugar. She would have swallowed the tea even had she not done what she now did and

put the sugar in it out of the sugar-bowl. But the tray being there, and the sugar-bowl, Eleanor did what she had been in the habit of doing ever since those dear old days. Perhaps the act brought back to her mind memories of countless similar acts. Certain it is that there was a thoughtful expression in her face on this occasion. It was white sugar, she remembered afterwards, nor was



A CHANGE.

"LIZZIE, YOU'S A PUTTIN' ON LUGS, AIN'T YER?"
"JIMMIE, I'M SORRY I CAN'T, BE AS I WUZ TO'YER; DE OLE MAN, ME FADER, IS A BANKIN' ON A LOTTERY TICKET WOT HE FOUND; IF IT DRAWS DE BOODLE HE'S A GOIN' TO SEND ME TO EUROPE TO MASH A TITLED BLOKE WID BLUE BLOOD A-COURSIN' TROO HIS CARCASE!"

there anything either in the tea, or in the sugar, or in the bowl to make this all linger in her memory long after she had completely forgotten other instances when she had taken the sugar-bowl from the tray and sweetened her tea slowly.

THE OLD GAME.

OVERBRIDGE: What's New York going to do if Tammany gets hold of it again?

INTOSTAY: Stand Pat.



THE SACRIFICE OF ISAAC.



"NOW, YOUNG MAN, I MAY LOOK SMALL TO YOU; BUT REMEMBER, I HAVE KNOCKED OUT BIGGER MEN, AND WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE."

HER AGE.

WHAT is her age?
Beware, my boy! seek not to know
What is her age;
For, knowing women, I presage
If to her on that quest you go,
You will discover, doing so,
What is her rage.

AN UNDESIRABLE METHOD.

THE Methodist Church in the United States ought to hit upon some blander way of retiring its superannuated bishops. The present method is for the Conference to declare an old bishop non-effective and elect a new man to succeed him in office. It is an effectual way, but somewhat abrupt, and while it may be good business it is not good manners. If the Methodists think it inexpedient to let their bishops grow old in office, as the Catholics and Episcopalians do, they might profitably make a rule that all bishops should be retired at the age of seventy, or whatever age seems proper.

A MATTER OF HEALTH.

THEATRICAL MANAGER:
You say you want a position in my company. Why, man, you don't look well enough.

ACTOR: That's just it. My doctor says if I will walk thirty miles a day I'll be cured.

MUCH WORSE.

SHE: Do you know anything worse than a man taking a kiss without asking for it?

HE: I do.

"What, for instance?"

"Asking for it without taking it."

HENCEFORTH Cornell will give its A.B. degree to men who know neither Latin nor Greek. Cornell is a great and liberal university, but how about the education her A.B. now stands for. Has that a sound claim to be called liberal also? Heretofore a liberal education has been one in which Greek and Latin were explicitly included.



HELP IN SIGHT.

Oh, potent seniors! wherefore pause
And knit each reverend brow,
In solemn study o'er the laws
To which mankind must bow?
Why contradict and storm and flout?
Just wait a bit, we pray,
Till Phyllis brings her essay out
On graduation day.

Financial cares we long have felt,
She'll pilot us straight through—
The gravest problems then will melt,
Like summer hail, to dew;
So wherefore trouble with a doubt
Your heads already gray,
Since Phyllis brings an essay out
On graduation day?

—Washington Star.

RAILROAD PRESIDENT: I want you to make room
for that idiot nephew of mine who has just come from
college.

MANAGER: What does he know about railroads?
"Absolutely nothing."

"Good. I'll put him at the head of the Informa-
tion Bureau."—Town Topics.

MAUDE: Brother broke an iron bar with his two
hands yesterday.

CLAUDE: That's nothing. My brother broke four
men with one hand last night.—Detroit Free Press.

LORD DARGAN, before departing for India, be-
thought him of an old historic ruin which stood on his
estate.

Summoning his steward, Dan Mulligan, he showed
him with his stick where he wanted a protecting wall
built round the ruin.

On returning, the first thing he did was to look for
his castle, but it was gone.

Finding his steward, he asked him where the castle
was.

Dan said: "Sure, an' that ould thing!—why I
pulled it down to build the wall wi'."—London Spare
Moments.

"You do not go out often to dinner, Mrs. Wadding-
ton?"

"No, I don't think the best dinner on earth is suf-
ficient compensation for making oneself agreeable for
three hours at a stretch."—Chicago Record.

THEY have a regulation at the Penge Free Library
by which any member wanting a particular book, and
the same not being in, can, by paying a penny, secure
the next turn, and on the book coming in, the librarian
sends him a notification per post card.

A member wanted one of Jepson's works and de-
posited his penny in the usual way, and received a card
in due course. The member is a married man, and his
wife took in the card. This is how it read:

"Mr. — is informed that 'The Girl He Left Behind
Him' is now in the library, and will be retained for him
until Thursday morning next."—London Tid-Bits.



MACMILLAN & COMPANY, NEW YORK AND LONDON.

THE DAUGHTER OF A STOIC. By Cornelia
Atwood Pratt.

The Witch of Whitbyford. By Gratiana Chanter.
Rome. By Emile Zola.

Tartarin on the Alps. By Alphonse Daudet. Lon-
don: J. M. Dent & Co.

George's Mother. By Stephen Crane. New York and
London: Edward Arnold.

Is Life Worth Living? By William James. Phila-
delphia: S. Burns Weston.

The Way They Loved at Grimpat. By E. Rentoul
Esler. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

The Truth Tellers. By John Strange Winter. Phila-
delphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

The Century Illustrated Monthly Magazine. Vol.
LI. New Series, Vol. XXIX.

How Women Love, and Other Tales. By Max Nordau.
New York and Chicago: F. Tennyson Neely.

The Broken Ring. By Elizabeth Knight Tompkins.
New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"WHAT bait do you use," said a saint to the devil,
"When you fish where the souls of men abound?"

"Well, for special tastes," said the king of evil,
"Gold and fame are the best I've found."

"But for general use?" asked the saint. "Ah! then,"
Said the demon, "I angle for man, not men,

And a thing I hate

Is to change my bait,

So I fish with a woman the whole year round."

John Boyle O'Reilly.

THIS is the season of the year when you can get what
you don't want real cheap.—Texas Sifter.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-
national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane,
London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano, 37 Avenue de l'Opera,
Paris; Saabach's News Exchange, 1 Clarastrasse, Mayence,
Germany, Agents for Germany, Austria and Switzerland.

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There are only a few brands of manufactured
articles that are kept by *all* grocers, Ivory Soap is
one of these.

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Trial Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.
H. ELLIS & CO., Baltimore, Md.
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

If you need a tonic why not take one that you
can enjoy?—Abbott's Original Angostura Bitters.
At druggists.

At one of the London clubs, the other
week, two card-players devised an ingen-
ious way of dealing with the class of bore
who persists in looking on at a game and
making remarks about it. It was at the
Prince of Wales's Club that the incident
occurred. After standing the nuisance for
some time, one of the players asked one of
the spectators to play the hand for him until
he returned. The spectator took the cards,
whereupon the first player left the room.
Pretty soon the second player followed the
example of the first. The two substitutes
played for some time, when one of them
asked the waiter where the two original
players were.

"They are playing cards in the next
room," was the waiter's reply.—Tit-Bits.

BLOOZIN: I see that the election did not
result as you predicted.

JAZRIG: Yes, it did; you're not the only
one I predicted to.—Roxbury Gazette.

"HUNTER

Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's

WHISKEY

For Club, Family and Medi-
cinal use.

The Best Whiskey
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TEN YEARS OLD.

Endorsed by Leading Physicians
when stimulant is prescribed.

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"Drink Hunter Rye, it is pure."

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Sugar and Cream Sets,
Dinner Services, Dessert
Pieces, Forks, Spoons,
and all other Small
Wares.

Every requisite in sil-
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pointed table.

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Tooth Soap

Without the Taste
of Soap.

Delightful and refresh-
ing. Try it. All druggists.
Your address on a postal
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Pocket Dictionary. CHAS.
WRIGHT & Co. Mfg. Chem-
ists, Detroit, Mich.

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CORPUS LEAN
Will reduce fat at rate of 10 to 15 lbs.
per month without injury to health.
Send 6c. in stamps for sealed circulars
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MADE
ABSOLUTELY HARMLESS.
Simply stopping the fat producing
efforts of food. The supply being stopped,
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Sold by all Druggists.

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Whitman's INSTAN-
TANEOUS Chocolate
—doesn't need it.
Made in a jiffy, with boiling water or milk.
Sold everywhere.



"Double, double toil and trouble;
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

That's the old way of making soup. Put your meat and soup bones in the "cauldron" and fuss over it for hours.

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Extract of BEEF

saves you all that "toil and trouble." Add boiling water to the Extract and you have, instantly, a really palatable Bouillon or Clear Beef Soup. No trouble or mystery about it. Anyone can do it.

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"All is not
Columbia
that Glitters."

Your pleasure and safety depend on knowing what is under enamel and nickel before you buy a bicycle. ❁ ❁ ❁



No question about Columbias. If you are able to pay \$100 for a bicycle why buy any but a Columbia?

See the Catalogue. Free if you call on the agent. By mail for two 2-cent stamps

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SEND FOR CIRCULAR No. 47

REDUCED RATES TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

Single Fare for the Round Trip via Pennsylvania Railroad, account Y. P. S. C. F. Convention.

The Fifteenth International Convention of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will be held at Washington, D. C., July 7 to 13, 1896, and for that occasion the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell, from July 6 to 8 inclusive, excursion tickets to Washington and return at a single fare for the round trip. These tickets will be good for return passage until July 15 inclusive, but if deposited with the Joint Agent at Washington prior to 6 P. M., July 14, will be extended to July 31 inclusive.

Full information in regard to rates and time of trains can be obtained upon application to ticket agents.

Excursion tickets for the following side trips will be sold as under:—

From July 7 to 13 inclusive excursion tickets between Washington and Baltimore and Baltimore and Washington will be sold at \$1.25 for the round trip, good for return passage until July 14 inclusive.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets from Washington to Gettysburg and return will be sold at \$3.35 for the round trip, good to return until July 31 inclusive. On the same days the Western Maryland Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets from Baltimore to Gettysburg and return, with same return limit, at \$2.15 for the round trip.

From July 6 to 31 excursion tickets will be sold from Washington to Richmond and return at \$4.00, to Petersburg and return at \$5.00, to Old Point Comfort and return (all rail) \$6.00 (and going all rail and returning by boat) \$5.55, to Fredericksburg and return \$2.25. These tickets will all bear return limit of July 31 inclusive.

All tickets for side trips will be sold only on presentation of return portions of excursion tickets to Washington issued for this occasion.

A FEW years ago a contractor undertook to widen a railway in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and while the men were all at work one day a serious landslip occurred.

There was much confusion, and then the cry went up:

"Count the men."

"Never mind the men," shouted the thrifty contractor; "count the wheelbarrows."—*London Telegraph.*

THREE FOR A DOLLAR!

Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

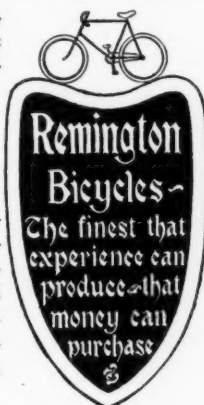
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PAY
POST-
AGE.**

All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

A SUBSTANTIAL guarantee of the excellence and reliability of

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is the eighty years' record of Remington products. Remington reputation has been secured and increased by superior quality and proficiency of workmanship. Catalogue free.



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SPECIAL RATES are made for this class of advertising.

**MAY CIRCULATION
NET DAILY AVERAGE 68,836.**



OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES

MUSIC BY THE CHOIR.

AFTER the church organist had played a voluntary, introducing airs from "1492" and the "Black Crook"—which, of course, were not recognized by the congregation—the choir arose for its first anthem of the morning.

The choir was made up of two parts, a quartette and a chorus. The former occupied seats in the front row—because the members were paid. The chorus was grouped about and made a somewhat striking as well as startling picture. There were some who could sing; some who thought they could; and there were others.

The leader of this aggregation was the tenor of the quartette. He was tall, but his neck was responsible for considerable of his extreme height. Because he was paid to lead that choir he gave the impression to those who saw him that he was cutting some ice. A greater part of his contortions were lost because the audience did not face the choir.

The organist struck a few chords and without any preliminary wood-sawing the choir squares itself for action. Of course, there were a few who did not find the place till after arising—this is so in all choirs—but finally all appeared to be ready. The leader let out another link in his neck, and while his head was taking a motion similar to a hen's when walking, the choir broke loose. This is what it sang:

"Abide-e-e—bide—ab—abide—with abide with—bide—a-a-a-bide—me—with me-e-e—abide with—with me—fast—f-a-a-s-t falls—abide—fast the even—fast fa-a-a-lls the—abide with me—eventide—falls the-e-e-eventide—fast—the—the dark—the darkness abide—the darkness deepens—Lor-r-d with me-e-e—Lord with me—deepens—Lord—Lord—darkness deepens—wi-i-th me—Lord with me—me a-a-a-a-bide."

That was the first verse.

There were three others.

Everyone is familiar with the hymn, hence it is not necessary to line the verses.

During the performance some who had not attended the choir rehearsal the Thursday evening previous were a little slow in spots. During the passage of these spots some would move their lips and not utter a sound, while others—particularly the ladies—found it convenient to feel of their back hair or straighten their hats. Each one who did this had a look as if she could honestly say: "I could sing that if I saw fit"—and the choir sang on.

But when there came a note, a measure or a bar with which all were familiar, what a grand volume of music burst forth. It didn't happen this way many times, because the paid singers were supposed to do the greater part of the work. And the others were willing.

At one point, after a breathing spell, or a rest, as musicians say—the tenor started alone. He didn't mean to. But by this break the deacons discovered that he was in the game and earning his salary. The others caught him at the first quarter, however, and away they went again, neck and neck. Before they finished, several had changed places. Sometimes "Abide" was ahead, and sometimes "Lord," but on the whole it was a pretty even thing.

Then the minister—he drew a salary, also—read something out of the Bible, after which—as they say in the newspapers—"there was another well-rendered selection by the choir."

This spasm was a tenor solo with chorus accompaniment. This was when he of the long neck got in his deadly work. The audience faced the choir, and the salaried soloist was happy.

When the huddling had ceased the soloist stepped a trifle to the front and, with the confidence born of a man who stands pat on four aces, gave a majestic sweep of his head toward the organist. He said nothing, but the movement implied, "Let 'er go, Gallagher."

Gallagher was on deck, and after getting his patent-leather shoes well-braced on the sub-bass pedals, he knotted together a few chords, and the soloist was off. His selection was—that is, verbatim:

"Ge-yide me, ge-yide me, ge-yide me, O,
Thor-or gra-ut Jaw-aw-hars-vah,
Pi-il-grum throw-aw this baw-aw-raw un larnd."

And he sang other things.

He was away up in G. He diminuendoed, struck a cantable movement, slid up over a crescendo, tackled a second ending by mistake—but it went—caught his second wind on a moderato, signified his desire for a raise in salary on a trill, did some brilliant work on a maestoso, reached high C with ease, went down into the bass clef and climbed again, quavered and held, did sixteen notes by the handful—payable on demand—waltzed along a minor passage, gracefully turned the dal segno, skipped a chromatic run, did the con espressione act worthy of a De Reszke, poured forth volumes on a measure hold, broke the center of an andante passage for three yards, retarded to beat the band, came near getting applause on a cadenza, took a six-barred triplet without turning a hair—then sat down.

Between whiles the chorus had been singing something else. The notes bumped against the oiled natural food rafters—it was a modern church—ricochetted over the memorial windows, clung lovingly to the new \$200 chandelier, floated along the ridgepole, patted the bald-headed deacons fondly and finally died away in a bunch of contribution boxes in the corner.

Then the minister preached.—*Boston Herald.*



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Palmer Fabric makes a Tire Elastic, Easy Riding and Fast (taking less strength to propel). They are Durable, Guaranteed and Easy to Mend. They are expensive, and only found on High-Grade Wheels.

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Schmitzwurst (in water): HELLUP! HELLUP! I'M TOOK MIT KRAMPS—I'M DROWNDIN'.

Bloomhecht (on shore): VAT AM I TO DO, MEIN FRIENDT?—I CAN'T SCHWIM. IF YOU MEET AARON BUDWEISS VERE YOU'RE A-GOIN' TO, TELL HIM HIS SHORE PURNT OUT LASHT VEEK UNT HIS VIFE GOT DE INSURANCE MONEY, UNT IF YER COME ACROSSED OLT YACOB LOMINSKY TELL HIM HE VENT DEAD TOO SOON, FOR DERE'S A PIG DEMAND NOW FOR SHOE-SHTRINGS UNT SILK SUSHPENDERS!

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after the surgeon—the knife—
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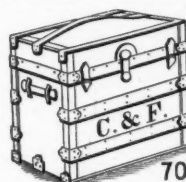


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WE WILL SEND ON RECEIPT
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CAUTION.—See that the
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Send for sample packages.
Boeman Chemical Co.
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Who drank "Old Crow Rye" first and last.



That is not strange.
Good, honest, well-made
Whiskey is wholesome and
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in any form. When buy-
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"OLD CROW RYE,"
see that the word RYE,
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What is the
use of being
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They, who
use Pears
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